is harrowed, and the rows of *falay* are planted. It is a golden opportunity for love-making, and needless to say youthful swains and their adored make the most of it.

On the steep slopes of the mountainous country of Northern Luzon between Bontoc and Kiangan with Banaue as the center, the Ifugaos have built a wonderful series of rice terraces that are among the great engineering works of the world. The rice terraces of the Ifugaos are as marvelous as those of the Incas of Peru, as marvelous as the pyramids of Egypt. Reflect on these facts: the Ifugao terraces are chiseled in the steep mountainsides j the terraces are watered by ditches heading in the rivers miles above j the terraces are sometimes forty feet in height; the terraces cover one hundred square miles j twelve thousand miles of stone support them 5 the walls are held in place without cementing material of any kind. So cunningly and securely have the retaining walls been made that notwithstanding the lack of binding material, they have withstood the shocks of earthquake and flood for two thousand years.

One evening during Easter week in 1935, I stood on the veranda of the new Rest House at Banaue and from that vantage gazed upon miles upon miles of rice terraces. A full moon accommodatingly lent its rays to bring out the splendor of the scene. Lights gleamed here and there in the nipa-thatched homes of the residents. In the distance the drums beat for a *canao* in preparation. To mind came those other wonders of the Orient which I have seen—the Great Wall of

China, the gigantic bronze statue of Daibutsu of Japan, the Angkor Wat of Cambodia, and the ruins of Borobudur of Java—all stupendous and soul-stirring. Not one surpasses the rice terraces of the Ifugaos in the Philippines.

The next morning as I departed on my return journey and as the sun brought out more sharply the green of the growing rice and the immensity of man's handiwork, I reflected on these questions— Are the astounding irrigation systems of